But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe?
Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their greatest number.
King. Why, our battalion trebles that account,
Besides, the Kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want:
Vp with my tent there, valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs survey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seat,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is sir *William Brandon*, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of *Pembrooke* keepe his regiment,
Good captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent,
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goest,
Where is Lord *Stanly* quarterd, doest thou know?
Blunt. Vnles I haue mistane his colours much,
Which well I am assur'd I haue not done.
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,
South from the mightie power of the King.
Rich. If without perill it be possible,
Good captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this most needfull scrowle.
Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.
Rich. Farewell good *Blunt*.
Giue me some Inke and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength:
Come, let vs consult vpon to morrows businesse,
Into our tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter K. Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesbie.

King. What is a clocke?

Cat.

Cat. It is six of the clocke, full supper time.
King. I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke & paper,
What, is my Beauer easier then it was?
And all my armor laid into my tent.
Cat. It is my Liege, and all things are in readinesse.
King. Good *Norfolke* hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trusty Centinell.
Nor. I goe my Lord.
King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle *Norfolke*.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.
King. *Catesbie*.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Send out a Purseuant at armes
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his sonne *George* fall
Into the blind caue of eternall night,
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to morrow,
Looke that my staues be sound and not too heauy *Ratcliffe*.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Saw'st thou the melancholy L. *Northumberland*?
Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of *Surrey* and himselfe,
Much like Cockshut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the armie chearing vp the souldiers.
King So I am satisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of spirit,
Nor cheare of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe, is Inke and paper readie?
Rat. It is my Lord.
King. Bid my Guard watch, leaue mee,
Ratcliffe about the midst of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me I say. *Exit Ratcliffe.*

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Dar. Fortune and victorie sit on thy helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?
Dar. I by attorney blesse thee from thy mother,
Who praies continually for *Richmonds* good,